HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

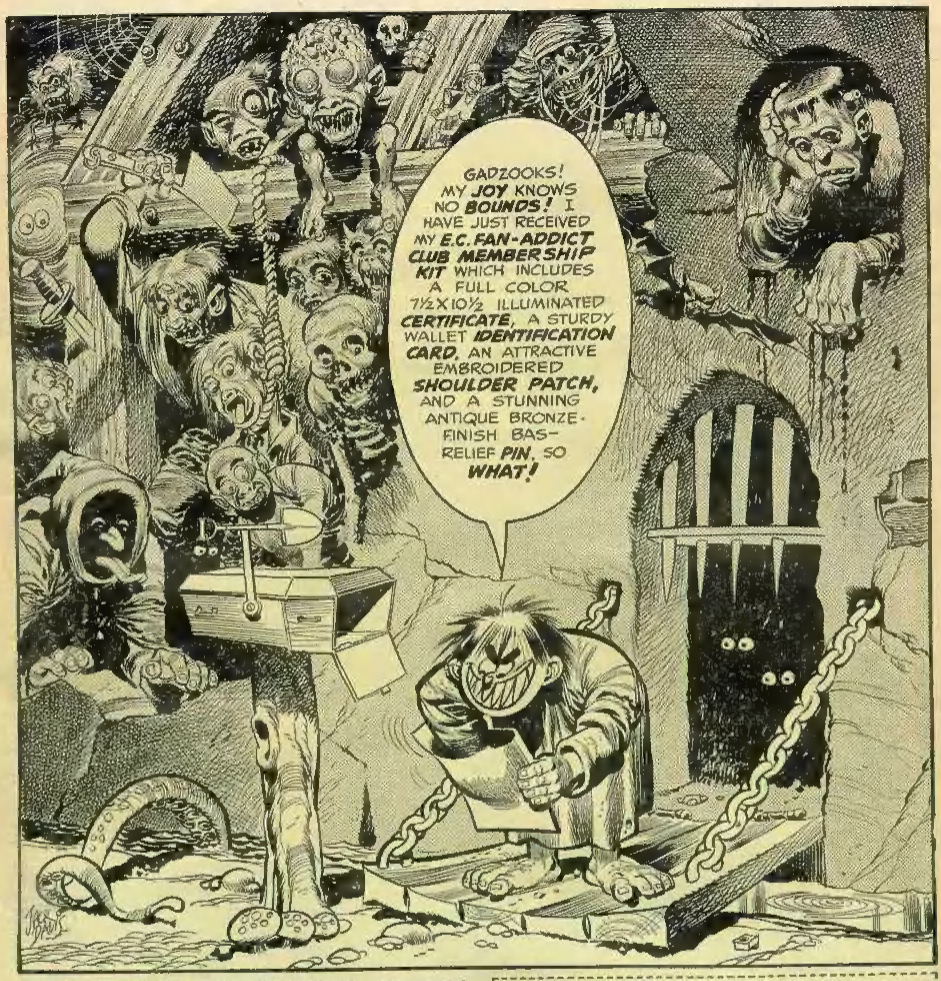
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU

MAD

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

No. 9
MARCH

10¢



SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH *25¢*. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EVERY* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

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GIRL-AND-DOG-TYPE-STORY DEPT.: TAKE A HOMELESS, LONELY, ORPHAN-CHILD GIRL!... ADD A FAITHFUL, LOVEABLE, HIGHLY INTELLIGENT MUTT-DOG... AND YOU HAVE A COMIC STRIP THAT'LL TUG AT YOUR HEART-STRINGS AND LOOSEN YOUR PURSE-STRINGS!... AND SO WE PRESENT... A GIRL NAMED MELVIN AND A DOG NAMED GRAVEL, IN...

LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN!

HARK, SAHIB DADDY PEACEBUCKS! IT IS LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN! OBSERVE THE LITTLE PRINCESS TALKING TO HERSELF AS USUAL... SPEAKING PROFOUND PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS!

POOR LITTLE TYKE... LOOKING FOR A GRUBSTAKE, NO DOUBT!... BUT WE CANNOT HELP HER, PUNJOKE! .. WE HAVE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO... PLACES TO GO!... THERE'S A NEW HAIR TONIC I MUST TRACK DOWN!

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes..
—Byron

HOTEL RITZ

DOOR MAN

GURD, YOU DOG

ARF!

WOOD.

...YES, GRAVEL... LOOKS TO US SIMPLE FOLK LIKE THE WORLD'S IN A POWERFUL MESS! TO QUOTE A SIMPLE PHILOSOPHICAL IDEA... A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE! ...NOT THAT THAT HAS MUCH TO DO WITH THIS STORY, BUT THAT'S DOWNRIGHT GOOD PHILOSOPHY!

ARF!

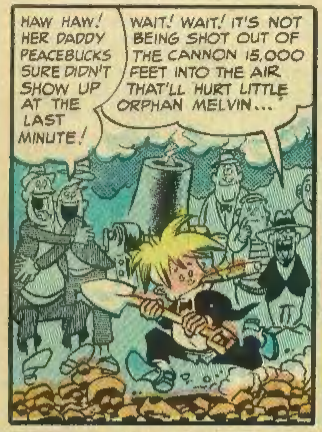
O'COURSE US SIMPLE FOLK DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT PHILOSOPHY, BUT AS PLINY (THE YOUNGER) ONCE SAID: IMPENSA MONUMENTI SUPERVACUA EST: MEMORIA NOSTRA DURABIT, SI VITA MERVIMUS!

ARF!

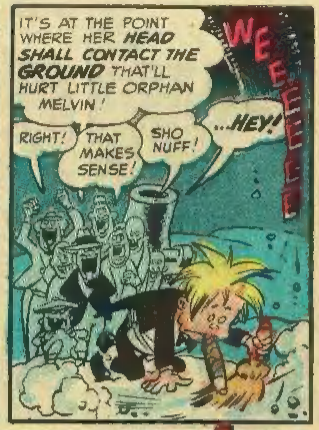
...COURSE, SIMPLE FOLK LIKE US DON'T KNOW MUCH 'BOUT POLITICS EITHER, BUT 'PEARS TO ME THAT IF THE CURRENCY VALUES IN THE WORLD MONETARY FUND WERE DEFLATED TO MEET SPIRALING REVENUES, ECONOMIC COLLAPSE COULD BE AVERTED FOR THE FURSHLUGGINER FISCAL YEAR!

ARF AND ARF!

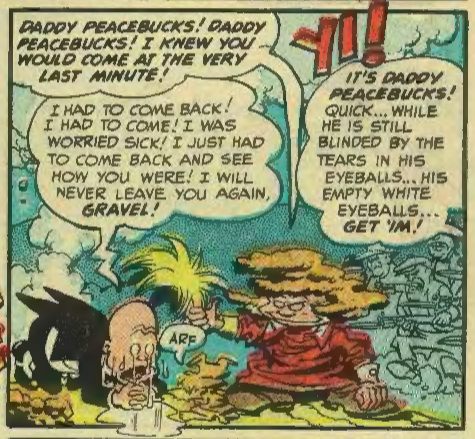
HMPH! HERE COMES THAT MELVIN CHILD AGAIN!
...TALKING TO HER DOG AGAIN AS USUAL!
...ROCKS IN THE HEAD IF YOU ASK ME!
...A CRAZY MIXED UP EMOTIONAL KID, IF YOU ASK ME!
HMPH!... OUGHT TO BE RUN OUTTA TOWN, TALKIN' TO A DOG LIKE THAT!
OUGHTA BE HUNG, I SAY!
HARK, GRAVEL! THE TOWN GOSSIPS ARE TALKING ABOUT ME AGAIN! TALKING ABOUT HOW I TALK TO A DOG! ...WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME TALKING TO A DOG?
AND FOIDERMORE... GOSSIP...
...YEH!... YOU'D THINK HAVING A HARMLESS CONVERSATION WITH A LITTLE OLD DOG IS A CRIME OR SUMTHIN'! WHATSAMATTA? I GOT FLEAS OR SUMTHIN'?
COME TO THINK OF IT... I HAVE!
...'O COURSE THE WAYS FOLKS EZ LIVIN' NOW... THEY NEED THEIR GOSSIP... THEIR FANCY CLOTHES... AN' THEIR AUTOMOBILES! FOLKS HAS LOST SIGHT OF THE IMPORTANT THING IN LIFE...THE ONE THING DEARER THAN ANYTHING ELSE!... MONEY!
HARK, FELLOW CROOKS! LOOK THERE!
POOL
ISN'T THAT LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AND GRAVEL? BOY WOULDN'T IT BURN DADDY PEACEBUCKS UP IF WE KIDNAPPED THEM!
THAT KID MELVIN CAN PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT SO WELL SPLIT UP TO CAPTURE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AND GRAVEL! YOU TAKE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN... WE TAKE GRAVEL!
AXLE SPOKE!
WE ARE EVIL AND DADDY PEACEBUCKS IS GOOD SO WE HATE HIM AND DESPISE HIM AND DETEST HIM! ...IN FACT... HIM, WE DON'T LIKE! SO NATURALLY WE ARE GOING TO BLAST YOU!
YOU CROOKS WILL NEVER BLAST ME, 'CAUSE MY DADDY PEACEBUCKS WILL SAVE ME AT THE LAST MINUTE AS USUAL!
SHUDDUP OR I'LL PAINT DOTS ON YOUR EYEBALLS!
HSSS
WEEPING WIZARDS!
STICK ME IN THE CANNON! MY DADDY PEACEBUCKS WILL COME AT THE LAST MINUTE!... PUT IN THE FUSE! MY DADDY PEACEBUCKS WILL COME AT THE LAST MINUTE... PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGER! MY DADDY PEACEBUCKS WILL COME AT THE LAST MINUTE...
BADOM
... WELL... MAYBE A SECOND AFTER THE LAST MINUTE!

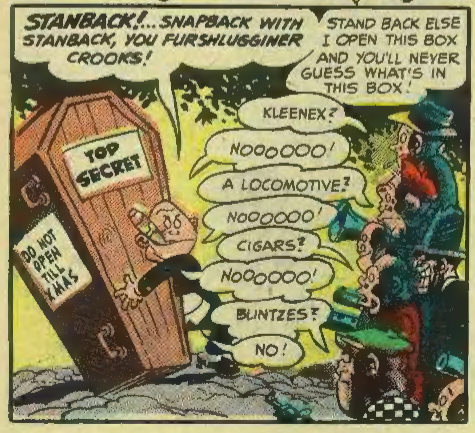

HAW HAW! HER DADDY PEACEBUCKS SURE DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE LAST MINUTE!
WAIT! WAIT! IT'S NOT BEING SHOT OUT OF THE CANNON 15,000 FEET INTO THE AIR THAT'LL HURT LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN...

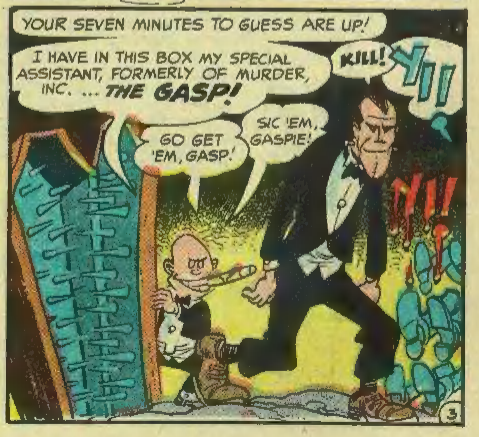
...IT'S NOT FALLING 15,000 FEET DOWN THROUGH THE SKY THAT'LL HURT LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN...

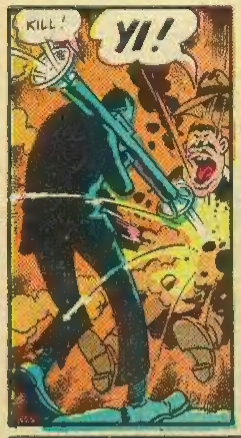

IT'S AT THE POINT WHERE HER HEAD SHALL CONTACT THE GROUND THAT'LL HURT LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN!
RIGHT!
THAT MAKES SENSE!
SHO NUFF!
...HEY!
WEEEEE

...LOOK! THAT STRANGER WITH THE BUSHY TOUSELED HEAD OF HAIR... THAT STRANGER WHO IS FIXING THE GROUND WHERE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN IS ABOUT TO FALL... DO YOU KNOW WHAT ABOUT THAT STRANGER?
NO! WHAT ABOUT THAT STRANGER?
HE BETTER USE WILD-ROOT CREAM OIL CHAA-A-A-ARL-IE...
EEEEEOOO
KER-BOOM


DADDY PEACEBUCKS! DADDY PEACEBUCKS! I KNEW YOU WOULD COME AT THE VERY LAST MINUTE!
I HAD TO COME BACK! I HAD TO COME! I WAS WORRIED SICK! I JUST HAD TO COME BACK AND SEE HOW YOU WERE! I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU AGAIN, GRAVEL!
YI!
IT'S DADDY PEACEBUCKS! QUICK... WHILE HE IS STILL BLINDED BY THE TEARS IN HIS EYEBALLS... HIS EMPTY WHITE EYEBALLS... GET 'IM!
ARF

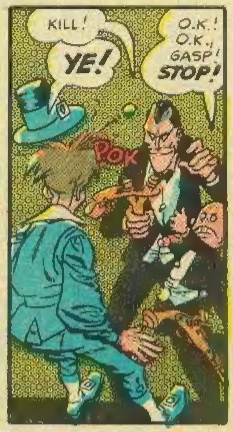

STANBACK!... SNAPBACK WITH STANBACK, YOU FURSHLUGGINER CROOKS!
STAND BACK ELSE I OPEN THIS BOX AND YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT'S IN THIS BOX!
TOP SECRET
DO NOT OPEN TILL XMAS
KLEENEX?
NOOOOOO!
A LOCOMOTIVE?
NOOOOOO!
CIGARS?
NOOOOOO!
BLINTZES?
NO!

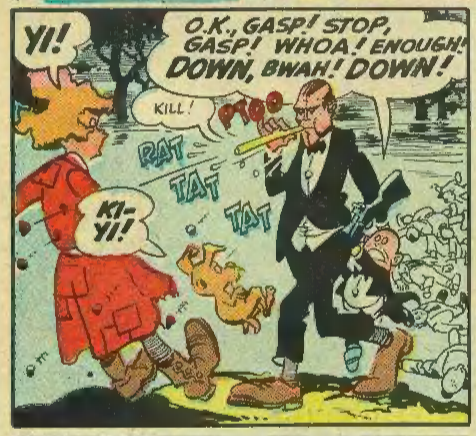

YOUR SEVEN MINUTES TO GUESS ARE UP!
I HAVE IN THIS BOX MY SPECIAL ASSISTANT, FORMERLY OF MURDER, INC. ... THE GASP!
KILL!
YI!
GO GET 'EM, GASP!
SIC 'EM, GASPIE!
YI!

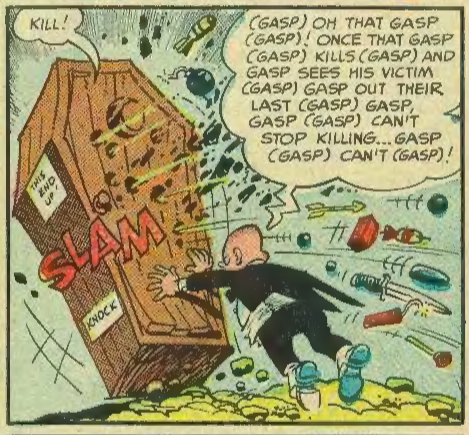

KILL!
YI!

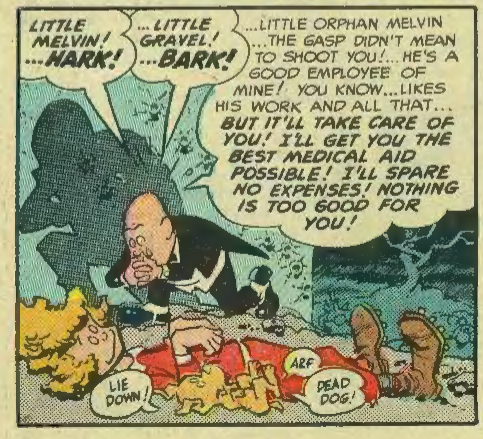
KILL!
YI!

KILL!
YI!
O.K., GASP!

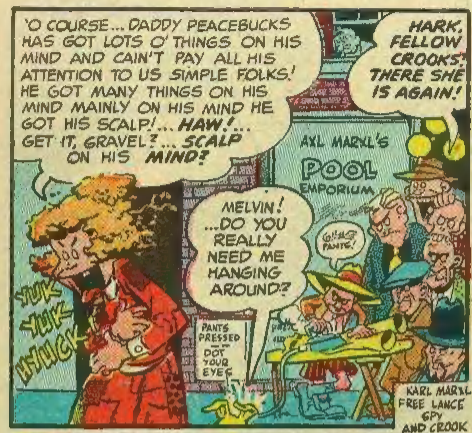

KILL!
YE!
O.K.! O.K., GASP! STOP!
POK

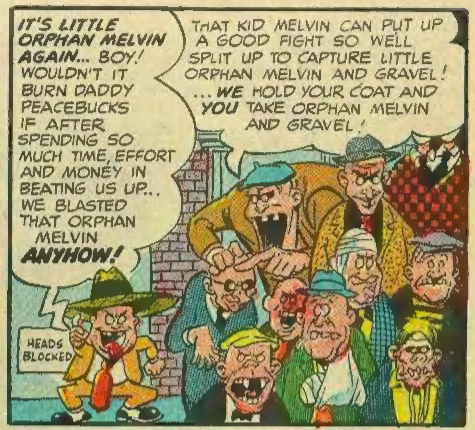

YI!
O.K., GASP! STOP, GASP! WHOA! ENOUGH! DOWN, BWAH! DOWN!
KILL!
KI-YI!
RAT TAT TAT

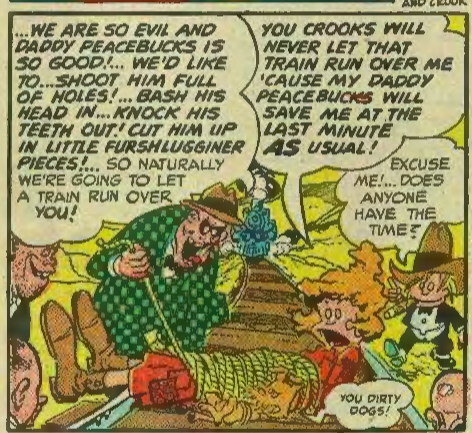

KILL!
(GASP) OH THAT GASP (GASP)! ONCE THAT GASP (GASP) KILLS (GASP) AND GASP SEES HIS VICTIM (GASP) GASP OUT THEIR LAST (GASP) GASP, GASP (GASP) CAN'T STOP KILLING... GASP (GASP) CAN'T (GASP)!
SLAM
KNOCK

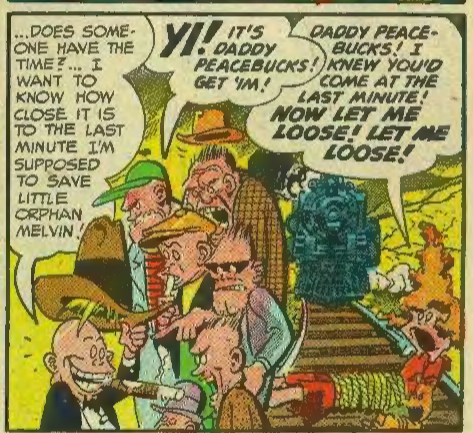

LITTLE MELVIN! ...HARK!
...LITTLE GRAVEL! ...BARK!
...LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN ...THE GASP DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT YOU!... HE'S A GOOD EMPLOYEE OF MINE! YOU KNOW...LIKES HIS WORK AND ALL THAT... BUT IT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU! I'LL GET YOU THE BEST MEDICAL AID POSSIBLE! I'LL SPARE NO EXPENSES! NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU!
LIE DOWN!
ARF
DEAD DOG!

...SO HERE IS A BAND-AIDE! SEE? THE PLASTIC KIND COLORED LIKE SKIN... THIS IS BEST KIND BAND-AIDE POSSIBLE!
...AND NOW, I MUST BE OFF! ... IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO! PLACES TO GO!
BUT DADDY PEACEBUCKS! WHAT IS SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU HAVE TO LEAVE US LIKE THIS?
WHY... A FANTASTIC NEW HAIR OIL I HEARD OF THAT I MUST TRACK DOWN!
HUP HEP HO!
ARF
SIT UP!
C'MON BOY!
SIT UP!


'O COURSE... DADDY PEACEBUCKS HAS GOT LOTS O' THINGS ON HIS MIND AND CAIN'T PAY ALL HIS ATTENTION TO US SIMPLE FOLKS! HE GOT MANY THINGS ON HIS MIND MAINLY ON HIS MIND HE GOT HIS SCALP!... HAW!... GET IT, GRAVEL?... SCALP ON HIS MIND?
HARK, FELLOW CROOKS! THERE SHE IS AGAIN!
AXL MARXL'S POOL EMPORIUM
MELVIN! ...DO YOU REALLY NEED ME HANGING AROUND?
GIMME PANTS!
YUK YUK YUCK
PANTS PRESSED — DOT YOUR EYES
KARL MARXL FREE LANCE SPY AND CROOK

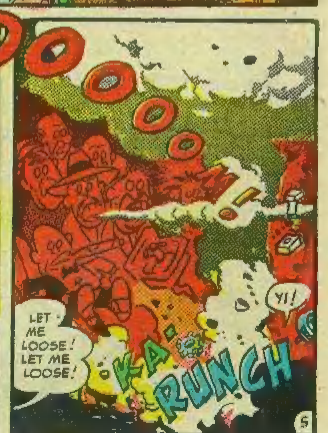

IT'S LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AGAIN... BOY! WOULDN'T IT BURN DADDY PEACEBUCKS IF AFTER SPENDING SO MUCH TIME, EFFORT AND MONEY IN BEATING US UP... WE BLASTED THAT ORPHAN MELVIN ANYHOW!
THAT KID MELVIN CAN PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT SO WELL SPLIT UP TO CAPTURE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AND GRAVEL! ... WE HOLD YOUR COAT AND YOU TAKE ORPHAN MELVIN AND GRAVEL!
HEADS BLOCKED


...WE ARE SO EVIL AND DADDY PEACEBUCKS IS SO GOOD!... WE'D LIKE TO...SHOOT HIM FULL OF HOLES!... BASH HIS HEAD IN... KNOCK HIS TEETH OUT! CUT HIM UP IN LITTLE FURSHLUGGINER PIECES!... SO NATURALLY WE'RE GOING TO LET A TRAIN RUN OVER YOU!
YOU CROOKS WILL NEVER LET THAT TRAIN RUN OVER ME 'CAUSE MY DADDY PEACEBUCKS WILL SAVE ME AT THE LAST MINUTE AS USUAL!
EXCUSE ME!... DOES ANYONE HAVE THE TIME?
YOU DIRTY DOGS!


...DOES SOMEONE HAVE THE TIME?... I WANT TO KNOW HOW CLOSE IT IS TO THE LAST MINUTE I'M SUPPOSED TO SAVE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN!
YI! IT'S DADDY PEACEBUCKS! GET 'IM!
DADDY PEACEBUCKS! I KNEW YOU'D COME AT THE LAST MINUTE! NOW LET ME LOOSE! LET ME LOOSE!

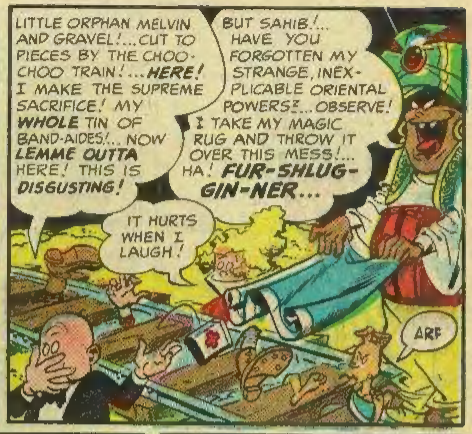
STAND BACK, CROOKS, 'CAUSE HERE COMES MY SECOND SPECIAL ASSISTANT... PUNJOKE! ON HIS MAGIC FLYING CARPET!
...LET ME LOOSE! ...LET ME LOOSE!
PUNJOKE! YIII!
Y!
SLEEPING SCISSORS!

MROOOOOOOO
...THE MAGIC CARPET! SOMETHING'S WRONG! YOU'RE COMING IN TOO LOW, PUNJOKE! PULL UP! PULL UP!
LET ME LOOSE! LET ME LOOSE!


YI!
LET ME LOOSE! LET ME LOOSE!
KA-RUNCH

PUNJOKE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SUCH RECKLESS FLYING! I'LL HAVE YOUR FLYING LICENSE REVOKED!
PLEASE, SAHIB! OBSERVE! THIS IS A HOOKED RUG AND SOMEBODY UNHOOKED ONE OF THE HOOKS!...SABOTAGE! WE'D BETTER CALL A TOW TRUCK TO TAKE THIS WRECK IN!
NO! WAIT, PUNJOKE! FIRST USE YOUR STRANGE INEXPLICABLE ORIENTAL POWERS TO GET RID OF THESE CROOKS!
AH, SAHIB!...YOU WANT ME TO SEND THEM AWAY! IT IS WELL! I TAKE MY MAGIC RUG!... I THROW IT OVER THEM! I SAY THE MAGIC WORDS... FUR-SHLUG-GIN-ER...
YI!
LET ME LOOSE!
YI!
...GOING...
...GOING...
YI!
...GONE!
...REAL GONE!
BY JOVE, PUNJOKE! HOW DID YOU DO IT? WHERE DID THEY GO TO?
SAHIB!
WHEN ONE INTENDS TO SELL A COMIC BOOK, IT'S WELL ALL SWEAR WORDS TO EXPEL. HOWEVER YOU IMPEL THIS SERVANT, YOU TO TELL WHAT LAND THESE CROOKS NOW DWELL. IF TELL I MUST, I SHELL! I SENT THEM DOWN TO... ...SAHIB...
LET ME LOOSE! LET ME LOOSE!
OOP!
YI!
CAREFUL SAHIB! YOU ALMOST DROPPED INTO IT YOURSELF!...THE PLACE I SENT THE CROOKS DOWN INTO! ...A WELL!
WHEW!... YOU CAUGHT ME JUST IN TIME!
...TIME?
...PUNJOKE! WHAT TIME IS IT? I'VE GOT TO SAVE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AT THE LAST MINUTE!
LET ME LOOSE! LET ME LOOSE!
6

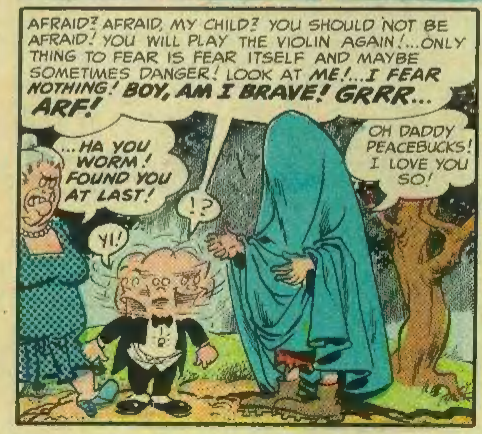
OBSERVE, SAHIB!... THE SMOKE OF THE TRAIN IS IN THE DISTANCE!
RIGHT! AND I SHALL SAVE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AT THE LAST MINUTE 'CAUSE THE TRAIN IS JUST COMING!
WRONG! YOU SHALL NOT SAVE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AT THE LAST MINUTE 'CAUSE THE TRAIN IS JUST GOING!

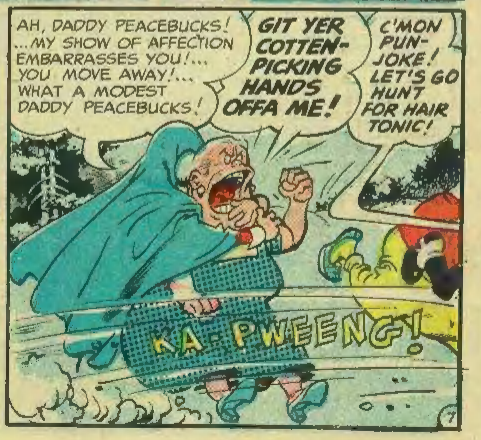

LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AND GRAVEL!... CUT TO PIECES BY THE CHOO-CHOO TRAIN!... HERE! I MAKE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE! MY WHOLE TIN OF BAND-AIDES!... NOW LEMME OUTTA HERE! THIS IS DISGUSTING!
BUT SAHIB!... HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN MY STRANGE, INEXPLICABLE ORIENTAL POWERS?... OBSERVE! I TAKE MY MAGIC RUG AND THROW IT OVER THIS MESS!... HA! FUR-SHLUG-GIN-NER...
IT HURTS WHEN I LAUGH!
ARF

... NOW I REMOVE THE RUG AND HARK!... WHERE ONCE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AND GRAVEL WERE CUT UP IN LITTLE PIECES... THE PIECES ARE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN... SO!
WELCOME

PUNJOKE! PUNJOKE! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG... LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN! SOMEHOW SHE'S DIFFERENT! SHE NEEDS A SHAVE!
YIPE!
LEAPING GIZZARDS!

...LOOK! LOOK! ANOTHER HOOK UNHOOKED FROM MY HOOKED RUG!... NO WONDER IT DIDN'T WORK WELL... IF YOU DON'T SUCCEED... TRY, TRY AGAIN, I SAY!
DADDY PEACEBUCKS! DADDY PEACEBUCKS! I'M AFRAID!

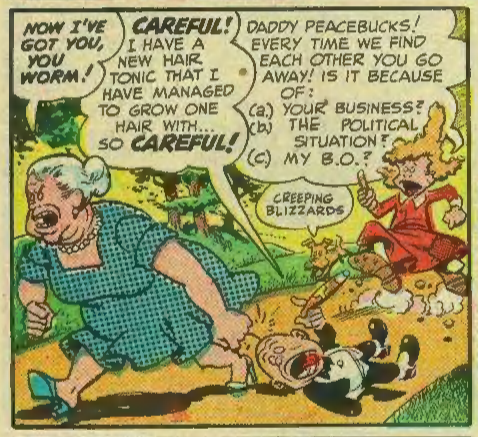

AFRAID? AFRAID, MY CHILD? YOU SHOULD NOT BE AFRAID! YOU WILL PLAY THE VIOLIN AGAIN!... ONLY THING TO FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF AND MAYBE SOMETIMES DANGER! LOOK AT ME!... I FEAR NOTHING! BOY, AM I BRAVE! GRRR... ARF!
...HA YOU, WORM! FOUND YOU AT LAST!
YI!
!?
OH DADDY PEACEBUCKS! I LOVE YOU SO!

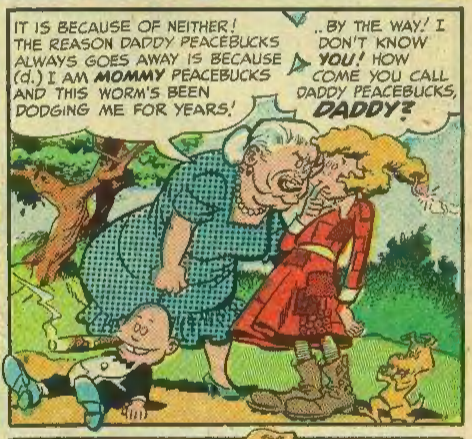

AH, DADDY PEACEBUCKS! ...MY SHOW OF AFFECTION EMBARRASSES YOU!... YOU MOVE AWAY!... WHAT A MODEST DADDY PEACEBUCKS!
GIT YER COTTEN-PICKING HANDS OFFA ME!
C'MON PUN-JOKE! LET'S GO HUNT FOR HAIR TONIC!
KA-PWEENG!

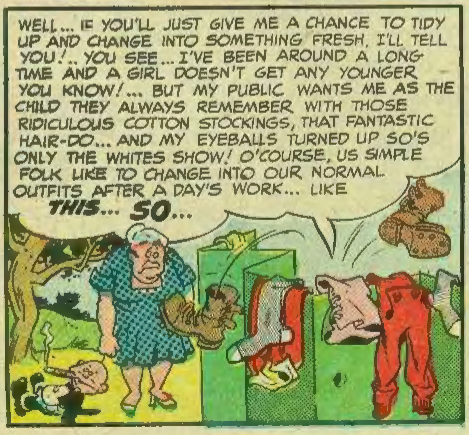
C'MON, PUNJ'!... GET THIS RUG GOIN', BWAH! GIVE IT THE OL' STRANGE, INEXPLICABLE ORIENTAL POWERS, BWAH!
YMCA
SAHIB! I CAN'T FIND THE IGNITION KEY!

C'MON, PUNJ'!... CONTACT! CONTACT!... FLAPS DOWN! ...RUNWAY CLEARED FOR TAKEOFF, BWAH!
HARK! THERE SHE GOES!
YMCA
BUDLUM
BRUM
POK
VA DA
BLOM
PAF!
CHUG

C'MON, PUNJ'! LET'S GET THIS BRAIDED RUG INTO THE AIR!
BRAIDED RUG, SAHIB? I HAVE NO BRAIDED RUG! I HAVE ONLY HOOKED RUG!
PUT
PUT
VR
ROO


NOW I'VE GOT YOU, YOU WORM!
CAREFUL! I HAVE A NEW HAIR TONIC THAT I HAVE MANAGED TO GROW ONE HAIR WITH... SO CAREFUL!
DADDY PEACEBUCKS! EVERY TIME WE FIND EACH OTHER YOU GO AWAY! IS IT BECAUSE OF: (a) YOUR BUSINESS? (b) THE POLITICAL SITUATION? (c) MY B.O.?
CREEPING BLIZZARDS


IT IS BECAUSE OF NEITHER! THE REASON DADDY PEACEBUCKS ALWAYS GOES AWAY IS BECAUSE (d.) I AM MOMMY PEACEBUCKS AND THIS WORM'S BEEN DODGING ME FOR YEARS!
..BY THE WAY! I DON'T KNOW YOU! HOW COME YOU CALL DADDY PEACEBUCKS, DADDY?

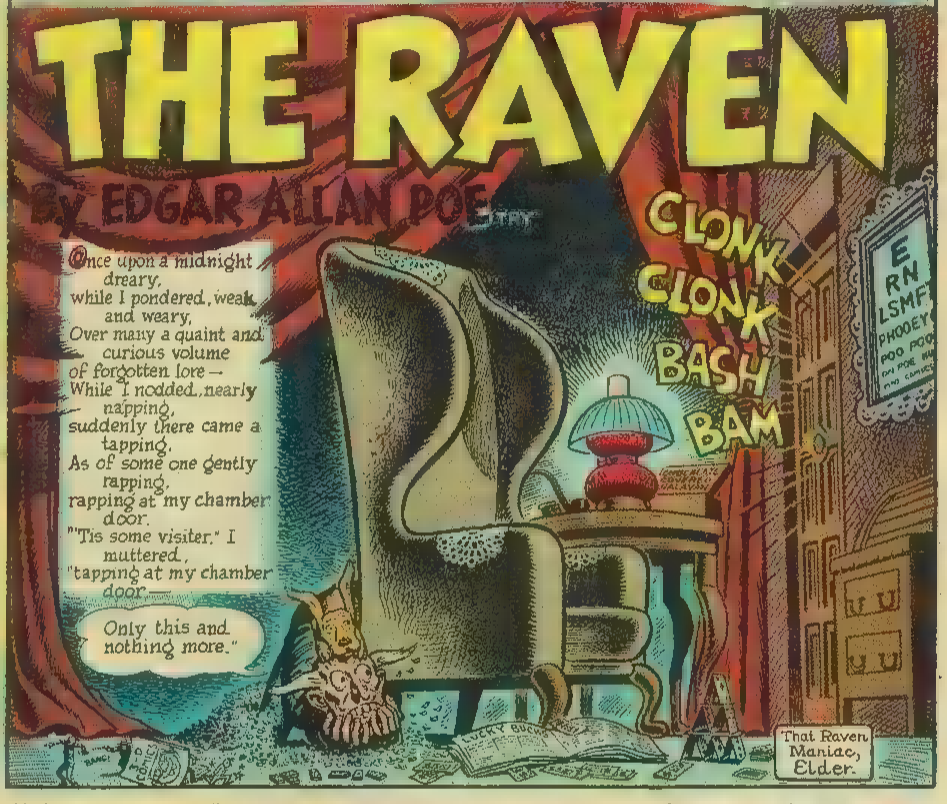

WELL... IF YOU'LL JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE TO TIDY UP AND CHANGE INTO SOMETHING FRESH, I'LL TELL YOU!.. YOU SEE... I'VE BEEN AROUND A LONG TIME AND A GIRL DOESN'T GET ANY YOUNGER YOU KNOW!... BUT MY PUBLIC WANTS ME AS THE CHILD THEY ALWAYS REMEMBER WITH THOSE RIDICULOUS COTTON STOCKINGS, THAT FANTASTIC HAIR-DO... AND MY EYEBALLS TURNED UP SO'S ONLY THE WHITES SHOW! O'COURSE, US SIMPLE FOLK LIKE TO CHANGE INTO OUR NORMAL OUTFITS AFTER A DAY'S WORK... LIKE THIS... SO...

...SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME CALLING HIM DADDY PEACEBUCKS!
YI
YI
YI!
THE END!

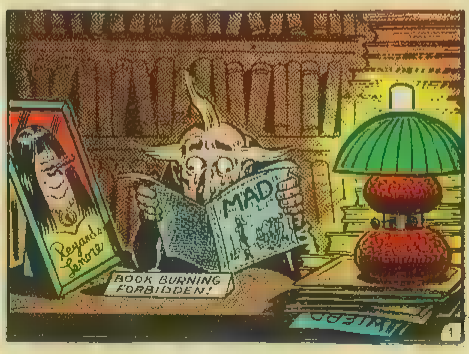
CLASSICAL TYPE COMICS DEPT.: ONCE UPON AN EVENING DREARY, WHILE WE PONDERED WEAK AND WEARY ■ THE PUBLIC LIBREARY, ON A COMIC STORY PLOT; WHILE WE NODDED NEARLY NAPPING, CAME AN ATTENDANT A-TAPPING, ON OUR HEAD SO GENTLY RAPPING, SPOKE "THAT'S ALL THE TIME YOU'VE GOT"!...OOH WERE WE MAD! WE HOWLED! WE RAVED! AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT...

THE RAVEN

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE



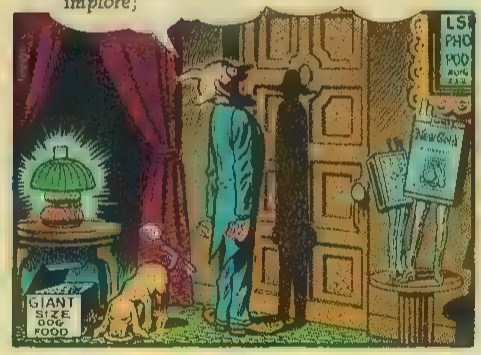
Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow-sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless **here** for evermore.



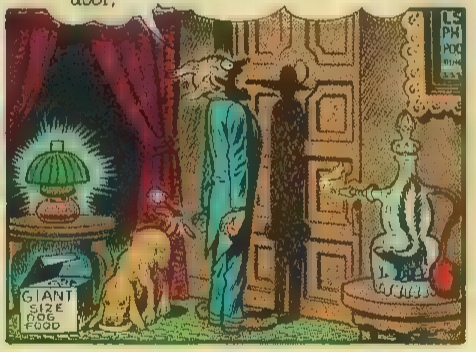
And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door:—
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;



But the fact is I was napping and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

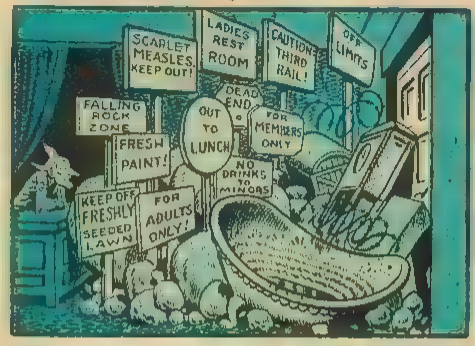


That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

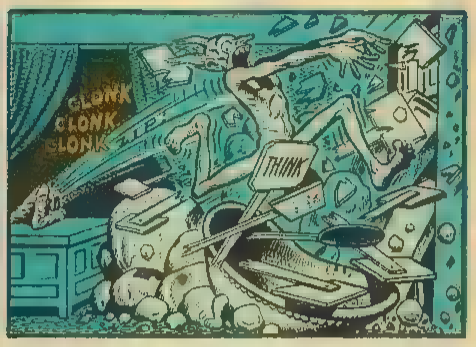
Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this and nothing more.

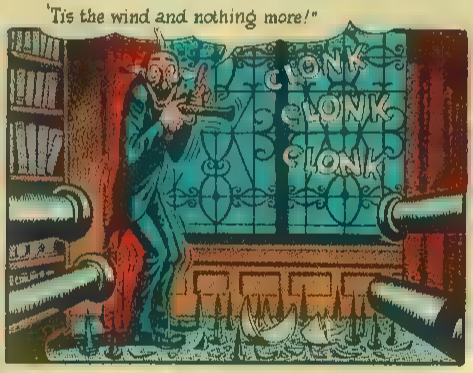


Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely, said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;

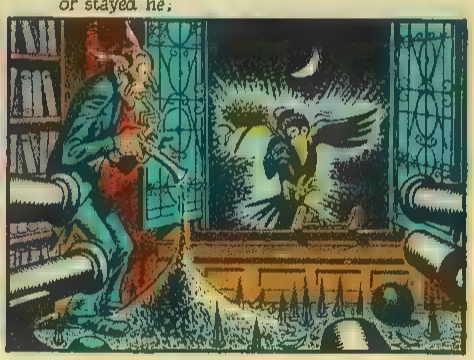


Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore –
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; –

'Tis the wind and nothing more!"



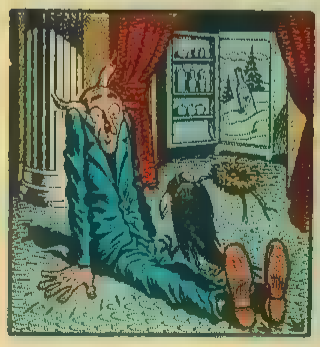
Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;

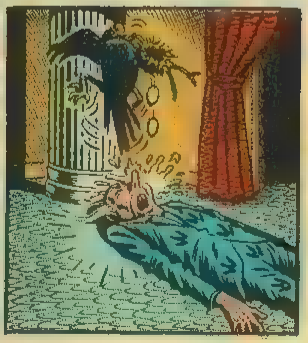


But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door–
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just **above** my chamber door—

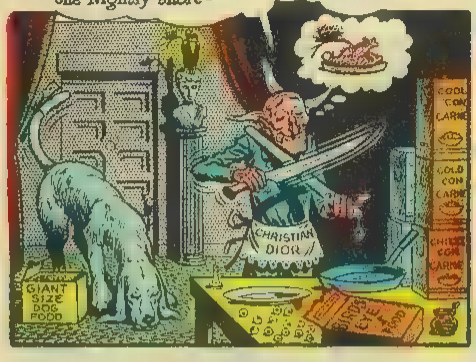
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,



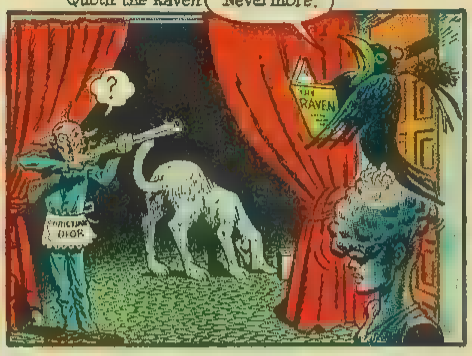


"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from
the Nightly shore—



Tell me what thy lordly name on the Night's
Plutonian shore!"

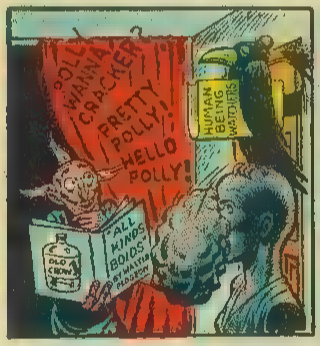
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door-
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

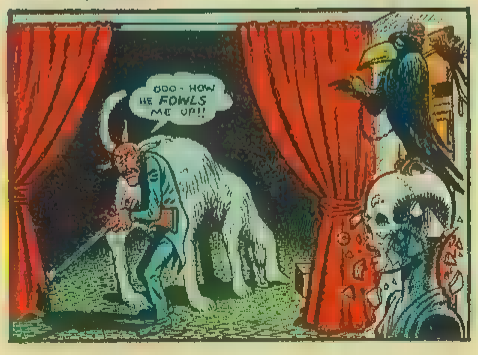
With such name as "Nevermore."

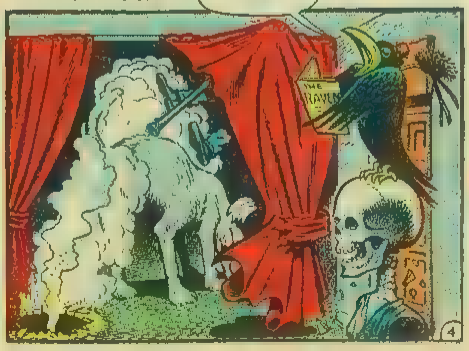


But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then uttered—not a feather then
he fluttered—

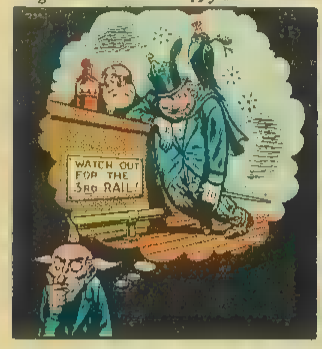
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before.
On the morrow **he** will leave me as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said ("Nevermore.")



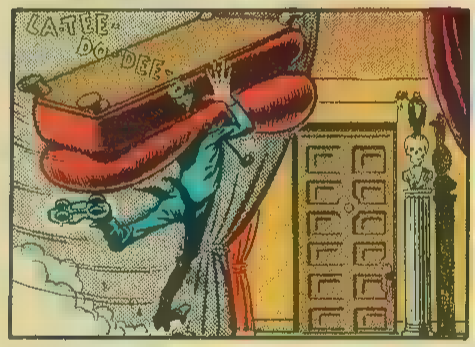


Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

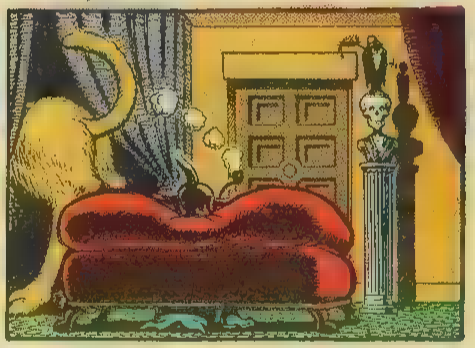


Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of ('Never—Nevermore.')

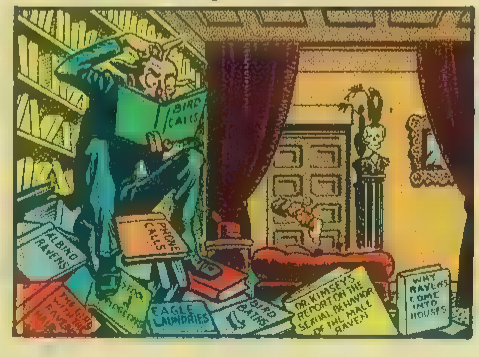
But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;



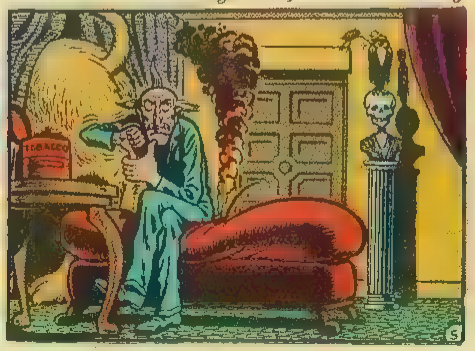
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —



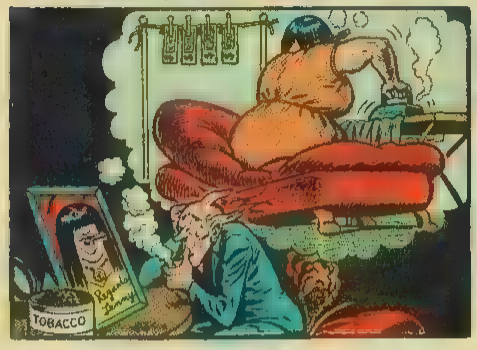
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."



This I sat engaged in guessing but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining



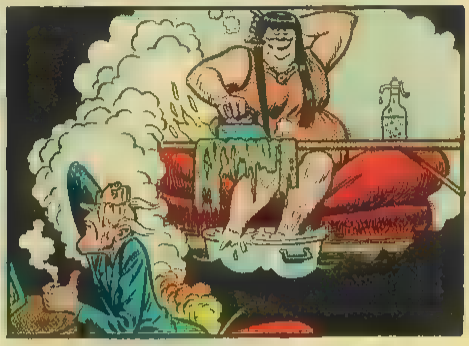
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!



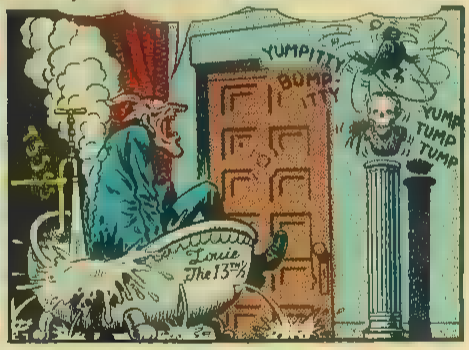
Respite - respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")

On this home by Horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore —
there - **is** there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")

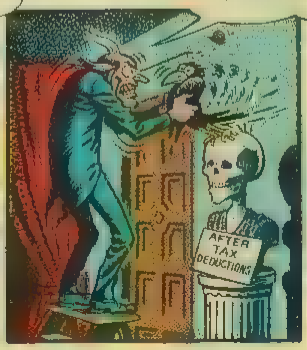
Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the **tufted floor**.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels
he hath sent thee



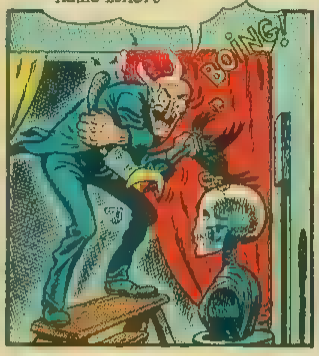
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or
devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —

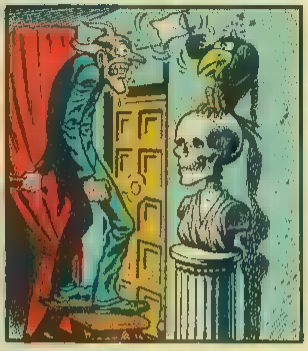


"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird
or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us - by that God we
both adore —



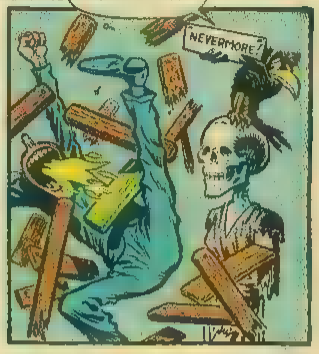
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —



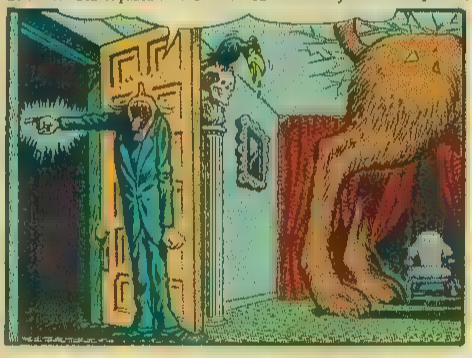


Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")

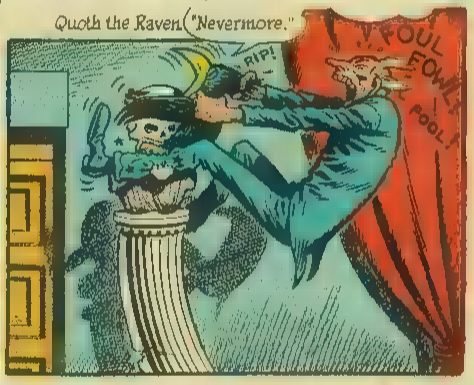


"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

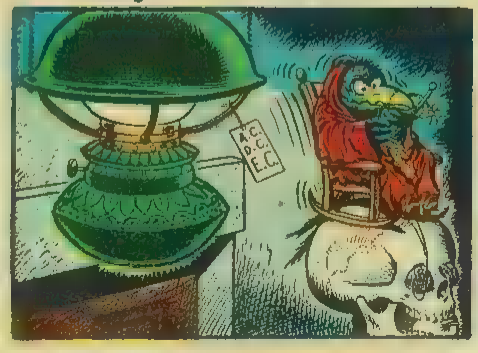


Leave my loneliness unbroken!-Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore."

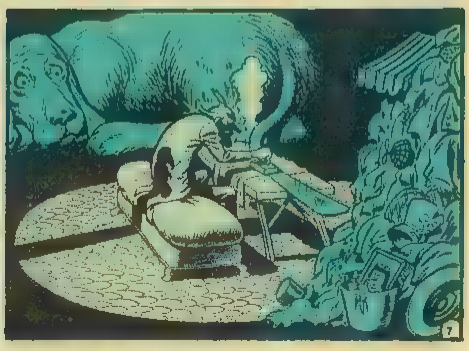


And the Raven, Never flitting, still is sitting, **still** is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,



And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted – nevermore!



MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

You bloomin' blighters 'ave done it again. In *Mad* No. 7, you 'ave Shermlock Shomes and Dr. Whatsit riding in a soapbox with left 'and drive. Don't you jolly well know the British have right 'and drive? I think Elder is getting older.—Henry Hartz—Utica, New York

. . . How about publishing a sympathetic story once in a while, such as one about a Canis Familiaris or a Felis Domesticus?—Keith Nutt (Arachis Hypogaea)

—Midland, Texas

. . . I'm sorry to hear about Harvey Kurtzman (H. Kurtzman was sick with yellow jaundice), and I'd like to change places with him.

—No. 856-7859—Sing-Sing

. . . I'm beginning to feel like one of those guys in the desert. Everywhere I go, druggists and clerks shout, "No Mad." Get it, nomad?

—Ann Slavin—West Haven, Conn.

. . . La lettre de David Platt, dans votre sixieme revue de *Mad* est beaucoup plus plein d'erreurs qu'etait votre histoire du "Shiek of Araby," elle-meme.

Sais pas si vos editeurs connaissent cette langue . . . mais c'est tres evidemment vu que le bon M. Platt ne connait pas le francais assez bien qu'il croit. Par example, il a dit: ". . . vous avez eu un Francais qui a dit 'N'est pas,' Ce n'est pas correcte, est-ce-t-il? Il a etre 'n'est-ce-pas.' Merci beaucoup (sic) mes amis." Ca, c'est tout a fait absurde! Il y en a plus de fautes la qu'en ce que M. Platt a si mal tache de correcter!

Me? I'm a Spanish major myself.

—Dick Clarkson—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

. . . Iiv wivish yivou wivould nivot privint sivuch livittivers ivas thive ivone bivy "Mons. David Pait." Iiv ivam nivo Fivrencmivan, sivo Iiv civant rivead Fivrench.

—Ben Jones—Quinwood, W. Va.

. . . Here in Rochester we have started the "Mad Mumblers Club." Anyone interested in joining write to 49 Kohlman St. for a membership card. We want to get a nationwide club. P. S. All members must be Mad Haters.

—Jerry Schuler—Rochester, N. Y.

. . . I hope you will talk the Mad Melvin Club up and tell all the *Mad* fans about it. To be a member you must have all the *Mads*. Anyone interested write Secretary Clyde Waddell, 2433 Marye St., Alexandrea, Louisiana; or Pat Armstrong, Pres., 2424 Vance Ave., Alexandria, Louisiana.

. . . Within the past year you have received thousands of letters, both ill-written and well-written, chock full of such dynamic adjectives as "classic," "priceless," "delightful," and even a sprinkling of such indelicate modifiers as "horrible," "rotten," and "disgusting!" But I shall say only this: A solid core of attractively unbalanced students at Cornell have adopted your magazine as a way of life. Acute frothing at the mouth has become a common disease and has proven deliciously dangerous during epidemic seasons. One of the fraternities there has an annual Monster Party. This year their source book was, of course, *Mad* . . . and the happy outcome was that 37.8% more participants than ever before were removed in a frightened coma. Gentlemen, it was a sight to see! Thank you, comrades in the bonds of spoofery.

—Ann Busch—Buffalo, New York

. . . I am long out of my "funny-book reading days;" thus, even though I do work in a drugstore, I've never given your magazines a thought. Recently two sane, healthy-looking and responsible individuals asked if I had a certain comic book on the stands—that in itself was a time for skepticism, for every one knows only children and idiots read comic books. The name of the book was *Mad*. After the second incident I became curious and began thumbing through the pages. To my utter surprise it was hilarious—funniest thing I had read for years! In short your satire magazine was excellent. I am eagerly anticipating the next issue of *Mad*.—Raoul D'Arcy—(no address given.

'Course, you've heard about E.C.'s companion mag to Mad . . . thing called PANIC! Written and edited by Feldstein. Not bad! Not as funny as MAD, but not bad. Try one! Why not?!

Subscriptions to MAD cost money. Buck! But for your buck, you get eight issues! Only costs you 20c more than if'n ya bought 'em on the newsstands. But you save so much bother! Manila envelopes. Go ahead. Spend a buck. Why not?! Address for mail or sub orders is:

MAD EDITORS
Room 706, Dept. 9
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

YEP, KIDDIES! *E.C.'S NEW HUMOR MAG,* ***PANIC IS ON SALE.*** SO RUSH DOWN TO YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND AND GET YOUR COPY. HOWEVER IF YOU ***DON'T*** WANT TO ***MISS*** ANY FOOTBALL GAMES... IF YOU WANT TO ***READ PANIC*** AND ***SIT IN THE BOWL*** AT THE ***SAME TIME... SUBSCRIBE!*** FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL TO...

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

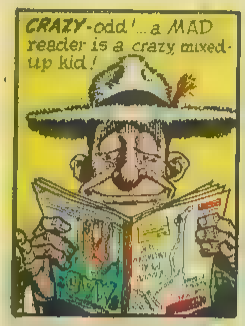
PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00)

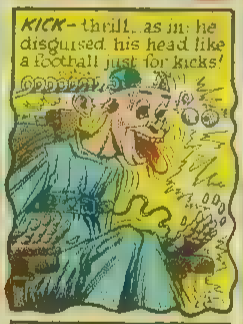
NAME

ADDRESS

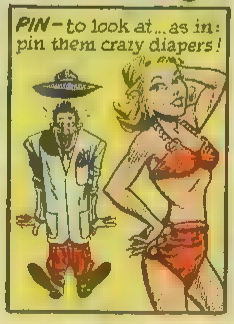
CITY ZONE STATE

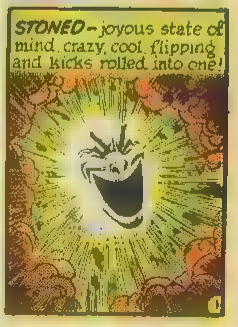
BOP DICTIONARY





NOWHERE-condition of a cube!





NOW THAT YOU HAVE PINNED THE BOP DICTIONARY AND ARE HEP, PREPARE TO GET STONED! WE DIG FROM YOUR LETTERS THAT MANY OF YOU READERS ARE REAL CRAZY KATS!... SO JUST FOR KICKS WE HAVE GATHERED FOR THE KATS AND CUBES ALIKE... THE LATEST AND OUTEST COLLECTION OF...

BOP JOKES!

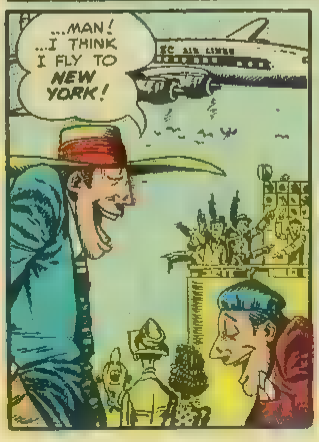
BOP JOKE #1: TWO KATS ARE STANDING AT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT ON THE OBSERVATION DECK WATCHING THE PLANES LAND AND TAKE OFF JUST FOR KICKS!

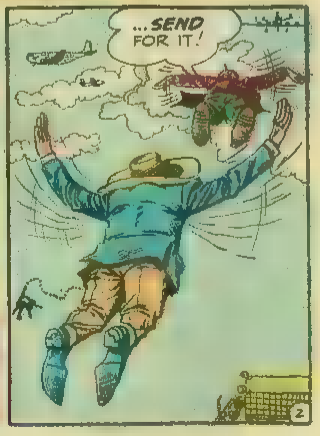
FLY MAN, FLY! UP IN THE SKY! WITH P.T.C. AND I!

YOU WILL FLIP IN A T.U.A. SHIP!

GET REAL POWER! FLY R.O.&O.

SEVERIN

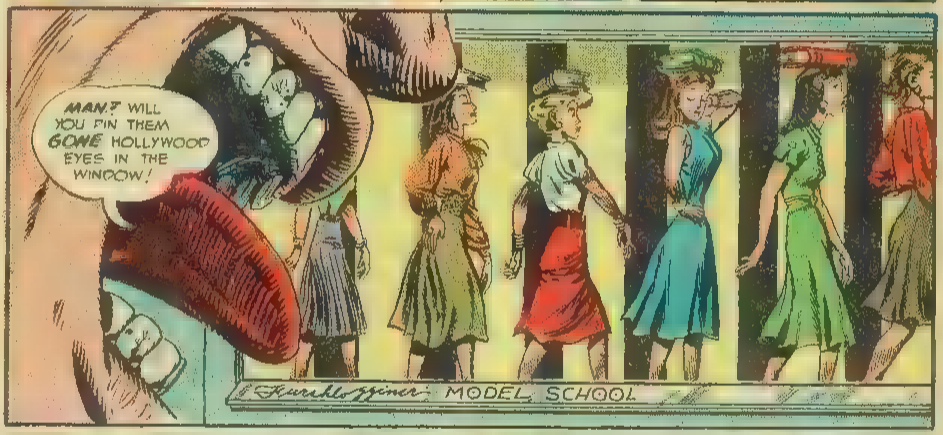


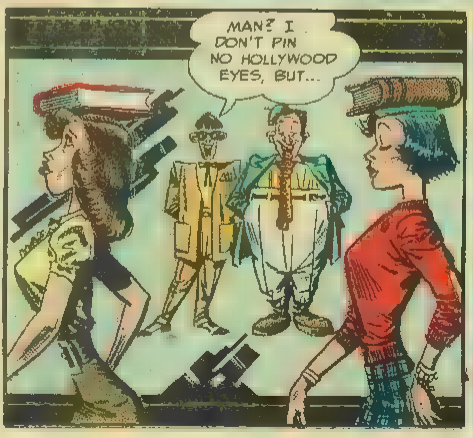


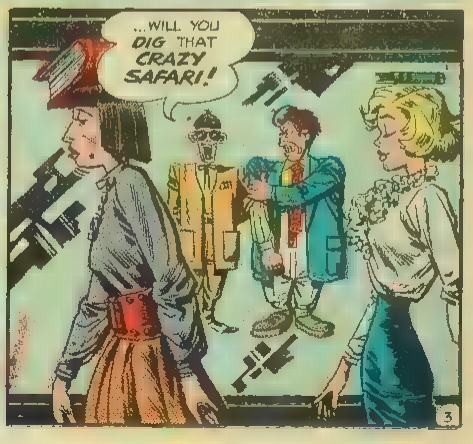
BOP JOKE #2: TWO KATS WALKING DOWN THE STREET JUST DIGGING ALL THE SQUARES!

...SUDDENLY ONE KAT FLIPS AS HE PINS THE WINDOW OF A MODELING SCHOOL UP ABOVE WHERE...

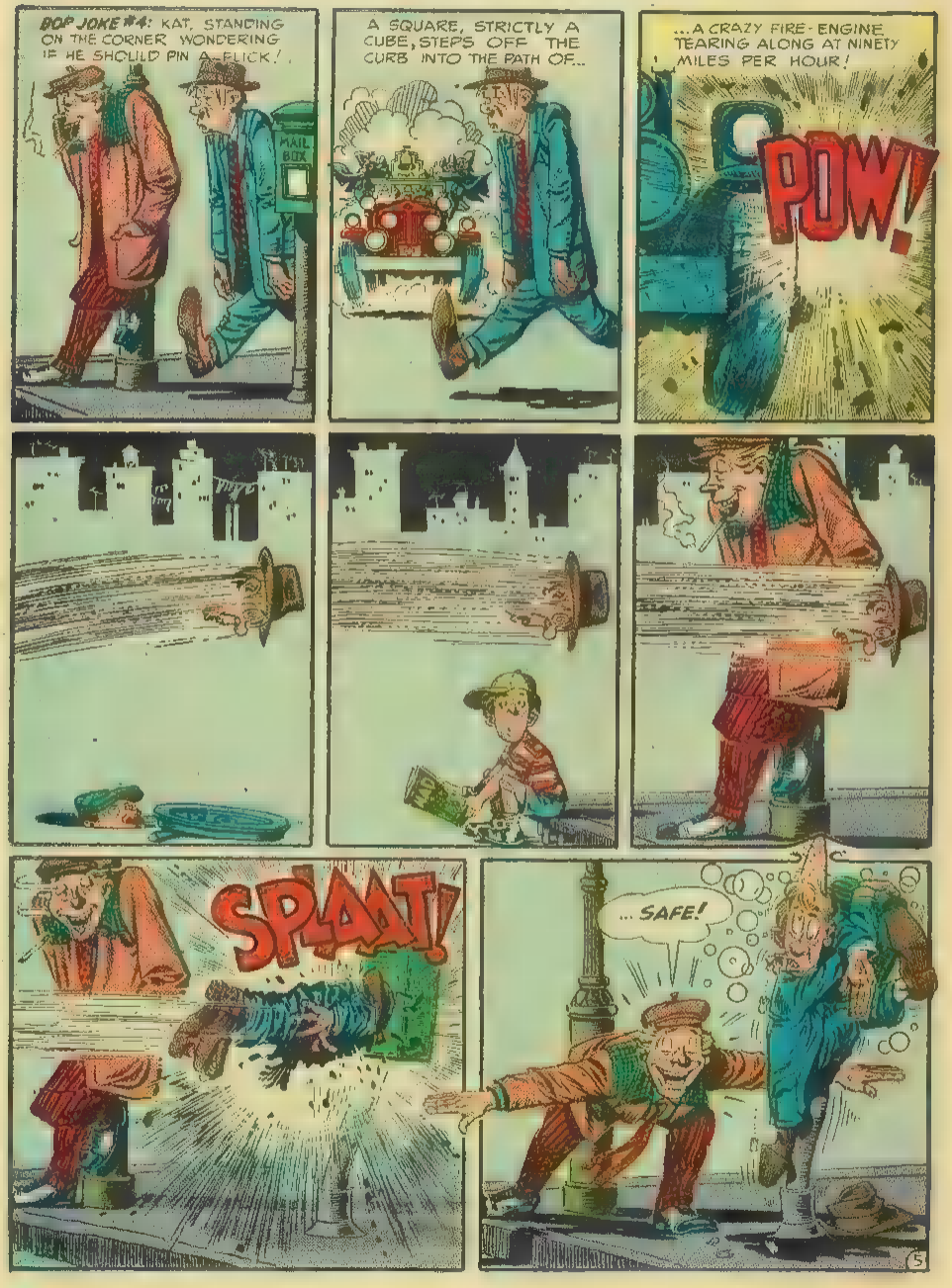
SOME REAL COOL HOLLYWOOD-EYES ARE PRACTICING POSTURE BY BALANCING BOOKS ON THEIR HEADS!

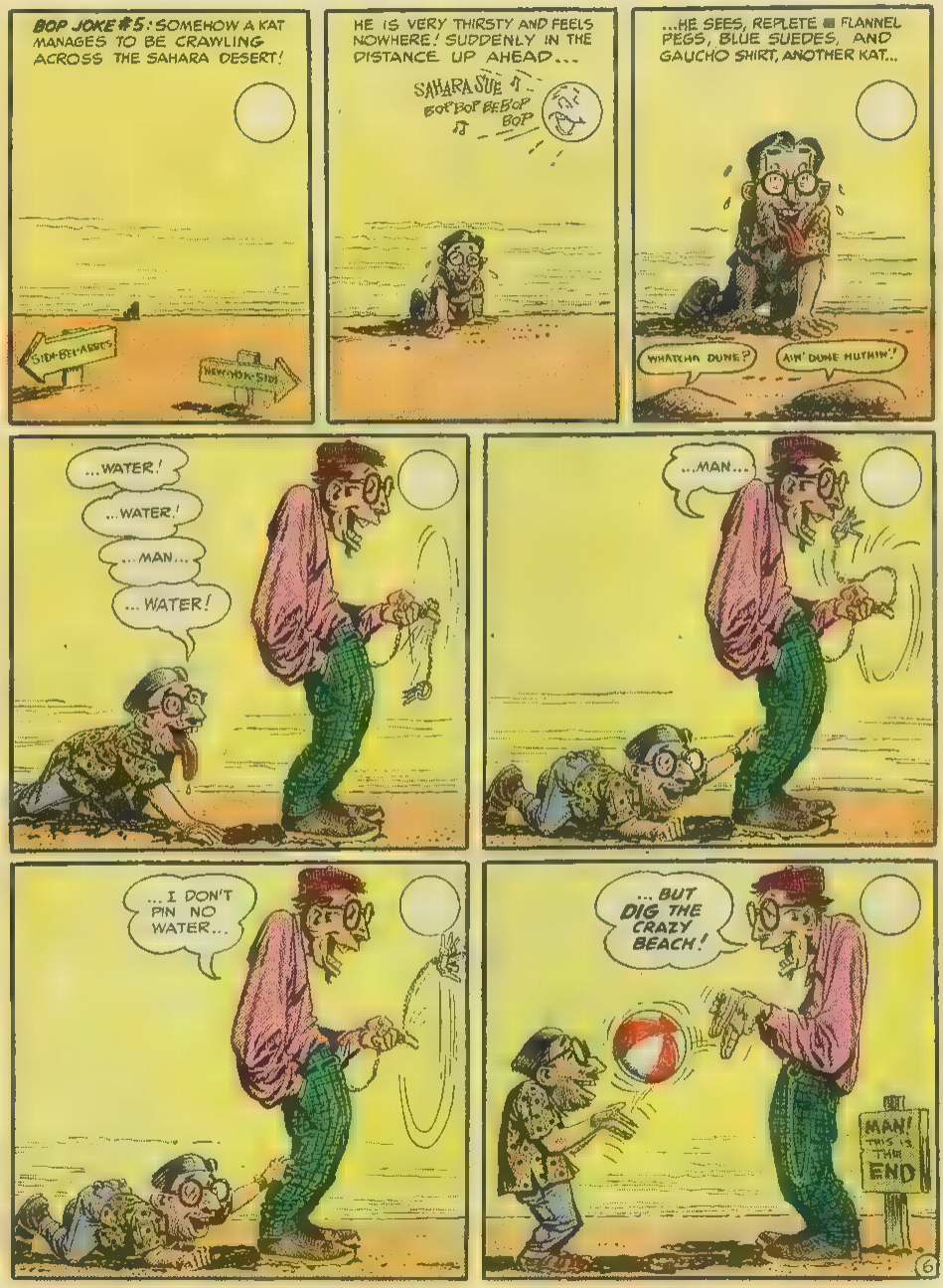

MAN? WILL YOU PIN THEM GOWE HOLLYWOOD EYES IN THE WINDOW!
MODEL SCHOOL


MAN? I DON'T PIN NO HOLLYWOOD EYES, BUT...


...WILL YOU DIG THAT CRAZY SAFARI!

BOP-JOKE #3: TWO KATS IN FRONT OF A RECORD SHOP DIGGING A CHARLIE PARKER RECORD!...UP ABOVE...
...50 STORIES IN THE AIR, TWO CRAZY STONE MASONS BUILDING A BELL TOWER ACCIDENTALLY...
...PUSH OVER THE BELL WHICH HAS BEEN PERILOUSLY BALANCED ON THE CORNICE! IT FALLS...
... WITH A CRASH THAT REVERBRATES THROUGH THE CITY!
BLARR
...
...MAN...
...WHAT WAS THAT?
ANG-ANG-ANG!
...
BUY MAD IN 2D
...E-FLAT!


BOP JOKE #4: KAT, STANDING ON THE CORNER WONDERING IF HE SHOULD PIN A FLICK!
MAIL BOX
A SQUARE, STRICTLY A CUBE, STEPS OFF THE CURB INTO THE PATH OF..
...A CRAZY FIRE-ENGINE TEARING ALONG AT NINETY MILES PER HOUR!
POW!
SPLAAT!
...SAFE!


BOP JOKE #5: SOMEHOW A KAT MANAGES TO BE CRAWLING ACROSS THE SAHARA DESERT!
SIDA-BEY-ABBE'S
NEW-YOK-SIDI
HE IS VERY THIRSTY AND FEELS NOWHERE! SUDDENLY IN THE DISTANCE UP AHEAD...
SAHARA SUE
BOP BOP BEBOP BOP
...HE SEES, REPLETE FLANNEL PEGS, BLUE SUEDES, AND GAUCHO SHIRT, ANOTHER KAT...
WHATCHA DUNE?
AIN' DUNE NUTHIN'!
...WATER!
...WATER!
...MAN...
...WATER!
...MAN...
...I DON'T PIN NO WATER...
...BUT DIG THE CRAZY BEACH!
MAN! THIS IS THE END
6

CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, the THIRD chapter in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

As you no doubt recall, when last we left Jones, (under the nom de plume of Shovel) he was in a sewer... and who can blame us for leaving him in a sewer. In any case . . . Jones is still in the sewer beneath Moscow, preparing to find out about the filthy Russian plot to manufacture artificial dirt. As our scene opens, Jones's chief is giving him final instructions . . .

OPERATION UNDER THE GROUND

Voices waft up through the sewer grating. "Shovel, here's your destination; the outer gates of the Gremlin in Moscow. You're to use a disguise, of course, during all your operations. Get going, man! Track down that dirt manufacturing plant! GO SHOVEL!"

The grating creaks up cautiously and out crawls Jones disguised as a pushcart peddler named Ivanikoff Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko.

The Russian police, the BVD, are everywhere. They all wear the BVD shoulder patch on their bermuda shorts. Every time a BVD passes, the gloomy street crowd flash pepsodent smiles.

Jones drags his pushcart through Moscow . . . past a sign scrawled on a wall reading "I LIKE IKE," and across it is slashed the word, PURGED ...past a store window with a tommy gun advertised, "BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY". . . past another store featuring "waterproof, wrinkleproof Gargoyle Socks," which are actually stove pipes with a bend in them . . . past giant tanks shooting at a dove of peace which drops the olive branch and the Russian soldiers pounce on the olives hungrily and eat them up . . . past a newsboy who carries a paper bearing the headline "RUSSIAN SCIENTIST DISCOVERS WORLD IS ROUND!". . . past a gigantic crowd gathered around a mechanical pencil in a window! A little guy in the crowd says, "I still say that black is not white." Immediately a B.V.D. rakes the whole crowd with his tommy gun!

Jones now starts snapping pictures of such useful subjects as a blank wall, the rear end of a horse, a portion of the sky, and a posey growing in the road. He is trying to detect signs of dirty work. He still drags his cart in and out of side streets in search of the artificial soil.

A luscious blonde sidles up to him. "My name is Floppova Movova an' I like you, you beeg mans. Those shoulders and muscles, ahhhhh . . ." She squeezes his muscles and they collapse with a soft POOOOoooohh...

. . . Well! . . . Who is Floppova?

. . . Does Shovel really Movova?

...What is the meaning of POOOOoooh?

. . . Who cares?

Find out in the next issue of Mad... the magazine calculated to drive you!

WESTERN DEPT.: ...FAR, FAR WESTERN DEPT.! IN FACT... HOLLYWOOD!... ANYHOW, A HOT SUMMER SUN LOOKS DOWN ON ... TERRI-FIED COW-TOWN WHERE WORD ... FLYING FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH... "GOSH! KILLER DILLER MILLER IS OUT OF JAIL!" "CHEE! HE'S A-COMIN' TO TOWN!" "DURN! HE'S A-COMIN' ON ... TRAIN!" "HOOH! WHEN'S HE A-COMIN'?"...

'HAH! NOON!'

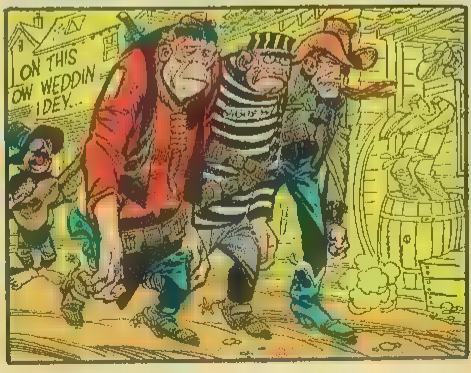
HEP!

DYEW NOT FOR SAKE ME

OH MAH DOLLINK!

TICK-DAWG

THREE MEN STRIDE DOWN THE DUSTY STREET WHICH IS QUIET BUT FOR THE QUICK SCUTTLING OF CITIZENS DISAPPEARING INTO DOORWAYS AND RAIN BARRELS!



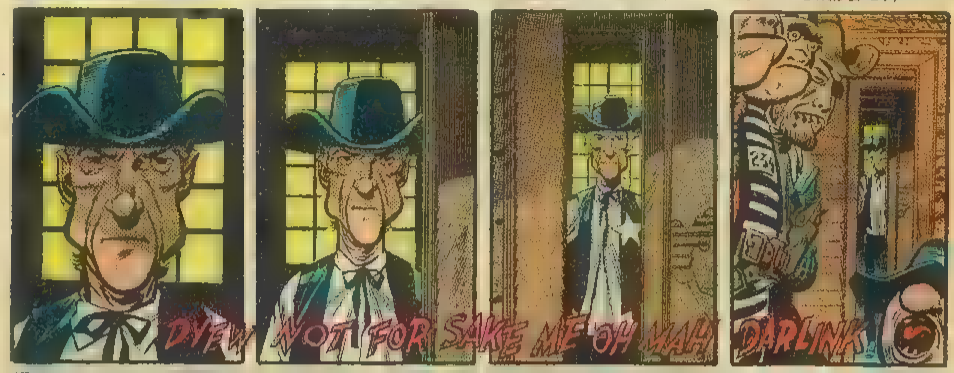
...AND THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THESE MEN... NUTHIN' YOU COULD PUT YOUR FINGER ON... BUT SOME STRANGE SIXTH SENSE SOMEHOW TELLS YOU THEY'RE ORNERY!

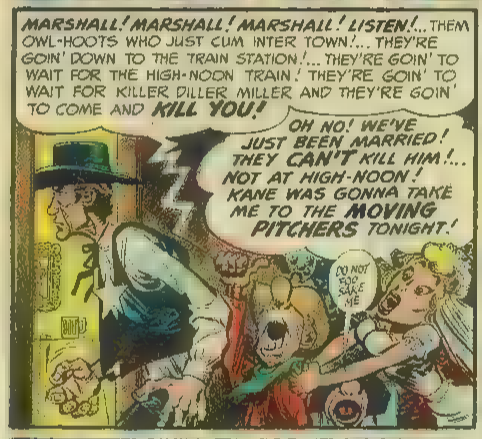
...OFF TO THE SIDE, ONLY **ONE** MAN IS BRAVE ENOUGH TO STAND HIS GROUND!

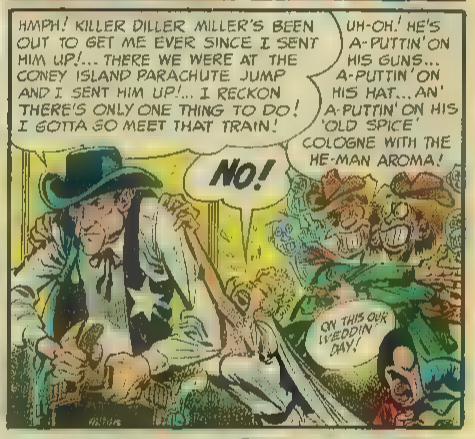
...ONLY **ONE** MAN DOES NOT MOVE AN INCH FROM WHERE HE STANDS!

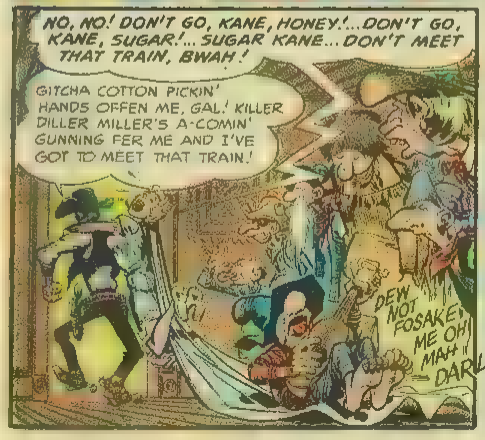
...ONLY **ONE** MAN TAKES NO STEP BACKWARD AS **HE** SURVEYS THE SCENE!

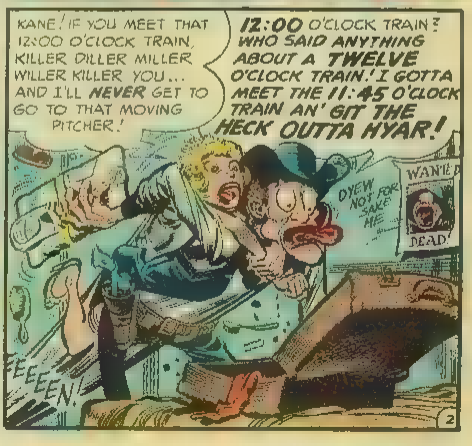
...MARSHALL KANE CALMLY WATCHES THE THREE OWL-HOOTS STRIDE BY!







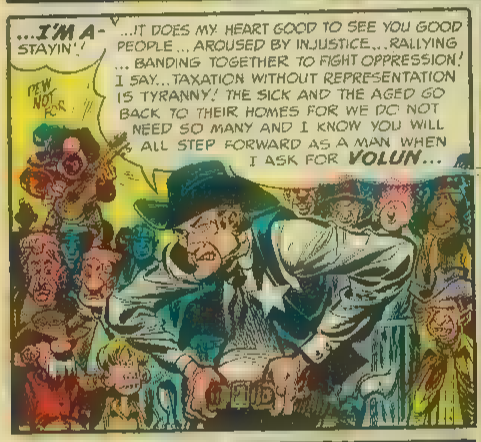


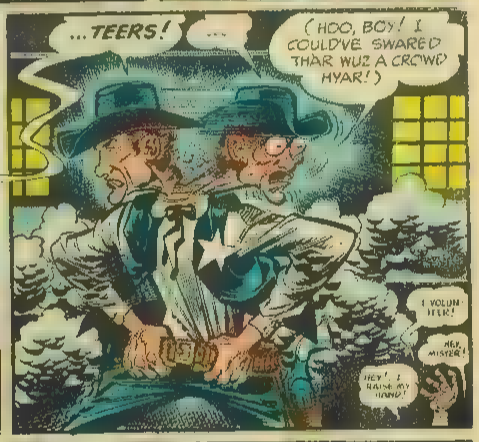


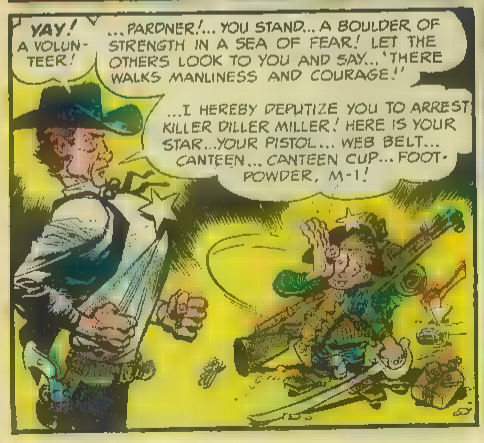
BONG
BONG
BING
BONG
BANG
BONG
BING
FLANG
DANG
BE ONEY NOT FOR SAKE OF MAH OH MAH ETC.

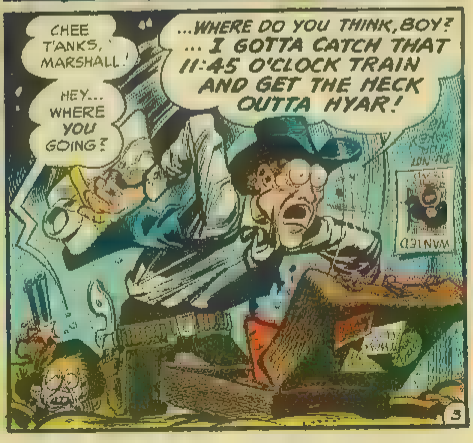
MARSHALL! YO CAIN'T LEAVE US!
I'M A-LEAVIN'!
...YOU'LL LEAVE US TO DIE!
I'M A-LEAVIN'!

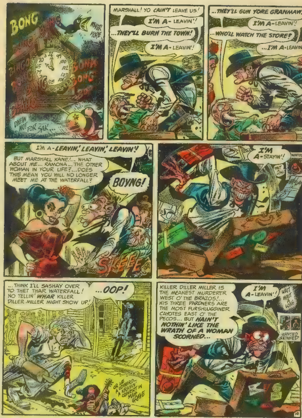
...YOU'LL LOSE YOUR WIFE!
I'M A-LEAVIN'!
...YOU'LL FORFEIT YOUR PAY!
...


...I'M A-STAYIN'!
...IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO SEE YOU GOOD PEOPLE... AROUSED BY INJUSTICE...RALLYING ... BANDING TOGETHER TO FIGHT OPPRESSION! I SAY...TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION IS TYRANNY! THE SICK AND THE AGED GO BACK TO THEIR HOMES FOR WE DO NOT NEED SO MANY AND I KNOW YOU WILL ALL STEP FORWARD AS A MAN WHEN I ASK FOR VOLUN...
DEW NOT FOR

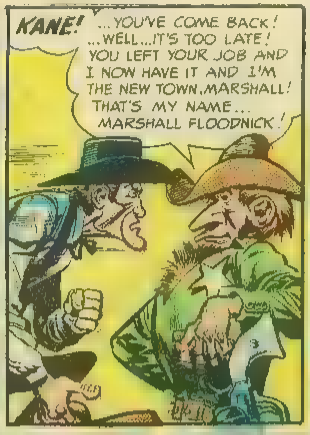

...TEERS!
...
(HOO, BOY! I COULDVE SWARED THAR WUZ A CROWD HYAR!)
I VOLUNTEER!
HEY, MISTER!
HEY! I RAISE MY HAND!

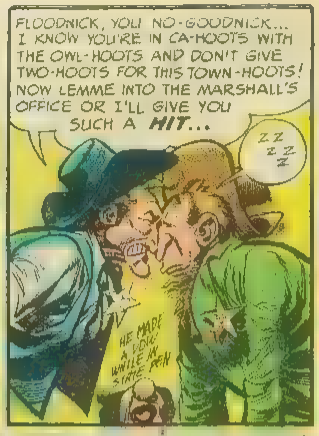

YAY! A VOLUNTEER!
...PARDNER!... YOU STAND... A BOULDER OF STRENGTH IN A SEA OF FEAR! LET THE OTHERS LOOK TO YOU AND SAY.. 'THERE WALKS MANLINESS AND COURAGE!'
...I HEREBY DEPUTIZE YOU TO ARREST KILLER DILLER MILLER! HERE IS YOUR STAR...YOUR PISTOL... WEB BELT... CANTEEN... CANTEEN CUP... FOOT-POWDER, M-1!

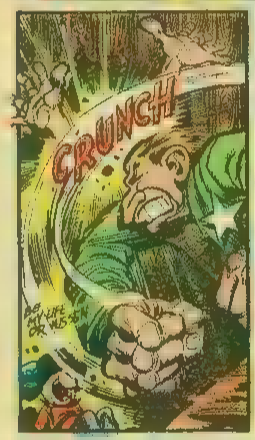

CHEE T'ANKS, MARSHALL!
HEY... WHERE YOU GOING?
...WHERE DO YOU THINK, BOY? ... I GOTTA CATCH THAT 11:45 O'CLOCK TRAIN AND GET THE HECK OUTTA HYAR!
WANTED


BONG
NEVER MORE
BONG
BONG
DREW NOT FOR SAK...
MARSHALL! YO CAIN'T LEAVE US!
I'M A-LEAVIN'!
...THEY'LL BURN THE TOWN!
I'M A-LEAVIN'!
...THEY'LL GUN YORE GRANMAW!
I'M A-LEAVIN'!
...WHO'LL WATCH THE STORE?
...I'M A-LEAVIN'!
I'M A-LEAVIN,' LEAVIN,' LEAVIN'!
BUT MARSHALL KANE!... WHAT ABOUT ME... RAMONA... THE OTHER WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE?... DOES THIS MEAN YOU WILL NO LONGER MEET ME AT THE WATERFALL?
BOYNG!
SKEEE
I'M A-STAYIN'!
...THINK I'LL SASHAY OVER TO THET THAR WATERFALL! NO TELLIN' WHAR KILLER DILLER MILLER MIGHT SHOW UP!
...OOP!
KILLER DILLER MILLER IS THE MEANEST MURDERER WEST O' THE BRAZOS!... HIS THREE PARDNERS ARE THE MOST FURSHLUGGINER CAYOTES EAST O' THE PECOS... BUT HAIN'T NOTHIN' LIKE THE WRATH OF A WOMAN SCORNED...
I'M A-LEAVIN'!
WAIT WAIT A LONG
WANTED SKINNED
14

OPEN UP!
I'M LOCKED IN!
BAM! BAM!
SHIFT
BONG BONG ETC.


KANE!
...YOU'VE COME BACK! ...WELL...IT'S TOO LATE! YOU LEFT YOUR JOB AND I NOW HAVE IT AND I'M THE NEW TOWN MARSHALL! THAT'S MY NAME... MARSHALL FLOODNICK!

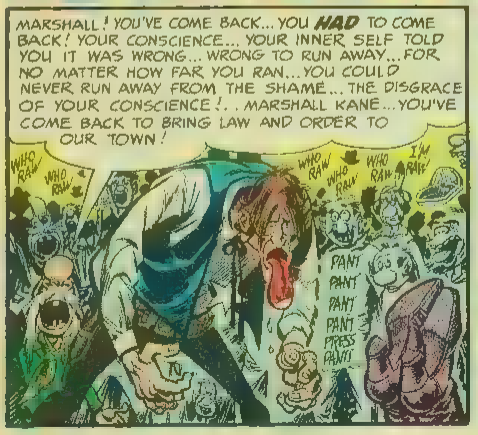

FLOODNICK, YOU NO-GOODNICK... I KNOW YOU'RE IN CA-HOOTS WITH THE OWL-HOOTS AND DON'T GIVE TWO-HOOTS FOR THIS TOWN-HOOTS! NOW LEMME INTO THE MARSHALL'S OFFICE OR I'LL GIVE YOU SUCH A HIT...
ZZZ ZZZ
HE MADE A FOOL WHILE IN STATE PEN

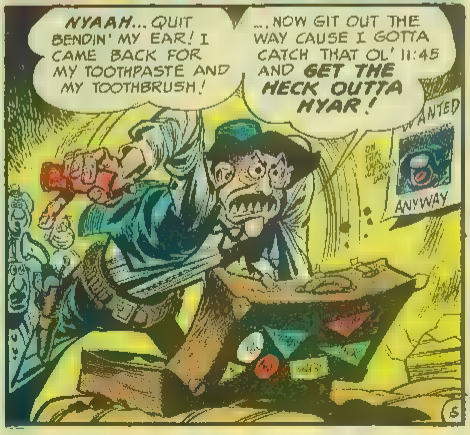

CRUNCH

FOR SALE UP
SPLAT

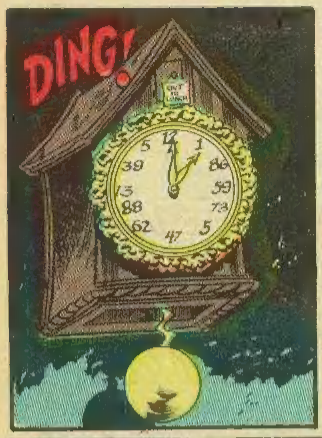
DEM NOT FOR SALE UP
THOK

BAP!


MARSHALL! YOU'VE COME BACK... YOU HAD TO COME BACK! YOUR CONSCIENCE... YOUR INNER SELF TOLD YOU IT WAS WRONG... WRONG TO RUN AWAY... FOR NO MATTER HOW FAR YOU RAN... YOU COULD NEVER RUN AWAY FROM THE SHAME... THE DISGRACE OF YOUR CONSCIENCE!.. MARSHALL KANE... YOU'VE COME BACK TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO OUR TOWN!
WHO RAN!
WHO RAN!
WHO RAN!
WHO RAN!
WHO RAN!
I'M RAN!
PANT PANT PANT PANT PRESS PANT!

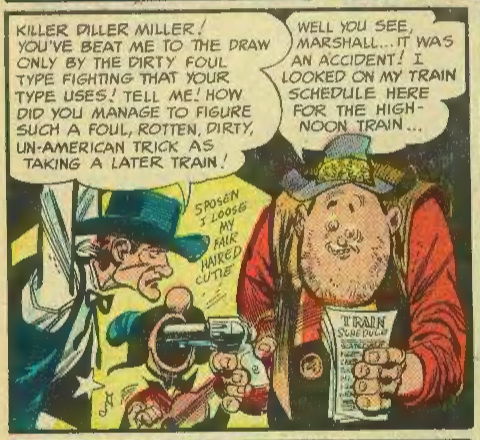

NYAAH... QUIT BENDIN' MY EAR! I CAME BACK FOR MY TOOTHPASTE AND MY TOOTHBRUSH!
...NOW GIT OUT THE WAY CAUSE I GOTTA CATCH THAT OL' 11:45 AND GET THE HECK OUTTA HYAR!
WANTED
ANYWAY

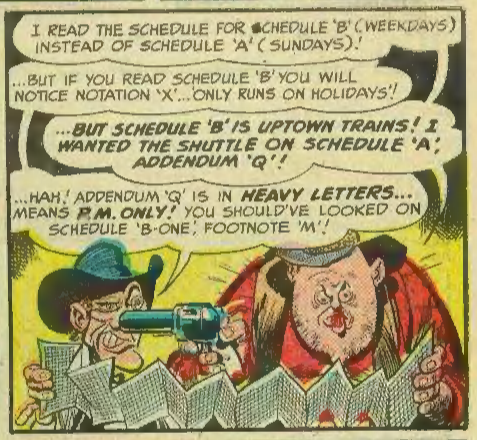
HIGH NOON
BONG 12 TIMES
TWOOOOOO OOONE
HOWDY, 'KILLER'!
THAT'S A GOOD DISGUISE, 'KILLER'!
BUT...
BUT... BUT...
BUT, BUT BUT...
MYAR'S YOUR GUNS, 'KILLER'!
...LOADED WITH DUM-DUM BULLETS, KILLER! HAW! WHEN WE GET FINISHED WITH KANE HE WON'T EVEN BE GOOD FOR A WALKING-STICK!... AND DON'T WORRY 'BOUT NO TROUBLE FROM HIM, KILLER! HE IS UPSTANDING AND HONEST AND HE WILL NEVER EVER SHOOT US AS LONG AS OUR BACKS ARE TURNED LIKE THI... AWK!
BUT BUT BUT BUT.
RATATATATATATATATTA
LISTEN, BOYS! LET'S GET REALISTIC ABOUT THIS THING! I AM MARSHALL AND YOU ARE OUT TO GUN ME AND I MISSED MY 11:45 O'CLOCK TRAIN OUTTA HERE AND I CAN'T GET A POSSE! AND I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO SHOOT IN THE BACK!... LOOK!... FUN'S FUN, AND I KNOW IT'S NOT IN THE ROMANTIC WESTERN SPIRIT BUT I GOTTA QUIT KIDDING AROUND! IF THE LOCAL POLICE CAN'T HANDLE THIS... I JUST CALL OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD!
...WAAL...THET WUZ QUITE AN ADVENTURE, BUT I RECKON THE EXPERIENCE TEACHES ME ONE THING! THE ONLY THING TO FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF...OR FEAR OF FEARING FEAR, FOR FEARING FEAR OF FEAR OR FEARING IS FEARING FEAR OF FEE...OF FOO FI... FEE...
...TO SUM IT ALL UP... IT'S HERE THAT I BELONG! IT IS HERE... WHERE I SHALL STAY!... IN OTHER WORDS...
MARSHALL! HORRIBLE NEWS! THAT WASN'T KILLER DILLER MILLER ON THE HIGH-NOON TRAIN! IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE!
KILLER DILLER MILLER MISSED THE HIGH-NOON TRAIN AN' HE'S A-COMIN' IN ON THE LOW-NOON TRAIN!
...IN OTHER WORDS...
...I'M A-LEAVIN'!
WAIT A LONG WAIT A LONG
6


DING!

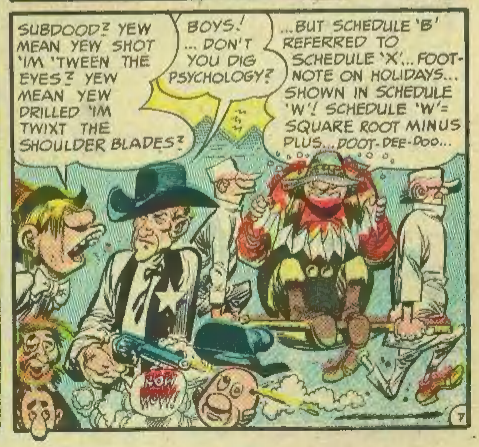
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
I'M A- LEAVIN'!
...HE'LL KILL US!
I'M A- LEAVIN'!

...HE'LL BLOW OUR BRAINS OUT!
I'M A-LEAVIN'!
I'LL BLOW YER HEAD OFF!
I'M A- STAYIN'!


KILLER DILLER MILLER! YOU'VE BEAT ME TO THE DRAW ONLY BY THE DIRTY FOUL TYPE FIGHTING THAT YOUR TYPE USES! TELL ME! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO FIGURE SUCH A FOUL, ROTTEN, DIRTY, UN-AMERICAN TRICK AS TAKING A LATER TRAIN!
WELL YOU SEE, MARSHALL... IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I LOOKED ON MY TRAIN SCHEDULE HERE FOR THE HIGH-NOON TRAIN...
SPOSEN I LOOSE MY FALK HAIRED CUTIE
TRAIN SCHEDULE


I READ THE SCHEDULE FOR SCHEDULE 'B' (WEEKDAYS) INSTEAD OF SCHEDULE 'A' (SUNDAYS)!
...BUT IF YOU READ SCHEDULE 'B' YOU WILL NOTICE NOTATION 'X'... ONLY RUNS ON HOLIDAYS!!
...BUT SCHEDULE 'B' IS UPTOWN TRAINS! I WANTED THE SHUTTLE ON SCHEDULE 'A', ADDENDUM 'Q'!
...HAH! ADDENDUM 'Q' IS IN HEAVY LETTERS... MEANS P.M. ONLY! YOU SHOULD'VE LOOKED ON SCHEDULE 'B-ONE', FOOTNOTE 'M'!

MARSHALL! MARSHALL! WO' HOPPEN, MARSHALLA? HOW COME KILLER DILLER MILLER DIDN'T SHOOT YOU? HOW COME YOU HAIN'T DAID?
SEND FOR THE AMBULANCE, BOYS! ...TAKE HIM AWAY! I HAVE SUBDUED KILLER DILLER MILLER WITH WORDS!
HOW MUCH IS THAT DAWGIE IN TH' WINDOW


SUBDOOD? YEW MEAN YEW SHOT 'IM 'TWEEN THE EYES? YEW MEAN YEW DRILLED 'IM TWIXT THE SHOULDER BLADES?
BOYS! ... DON'T YOU DIG PSYCHOLOGY?
...BUT SCHEDULE 'B' REFERRED TO SCHEDULE 'X'... FOOT-NOTE ON HOLIDAYS... SHOWN IN SCHEDULE 'W'! SCHEDULE 'W' = SQUARE ROOT MINUS PLUS... DOOT-DEE-DOO...
BOW WOW!!

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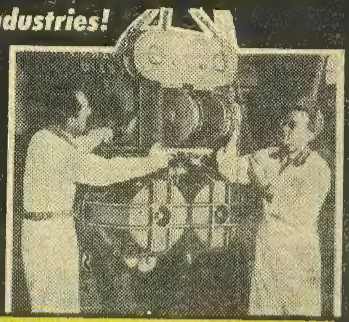

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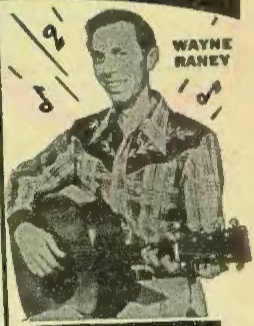

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